

through with training, under orders to go "out there."

The old gentleman raises an unsteady hand and removes his hat. For a moment he stands bareheaded before an officer observes him. There is a sharp order, "Eyes right!" and youth gives the marching salute to age as the battalion goes past to "somewhere in France."

"This war will do us all the good in the world," comments an English-



"In an almost empty bus a haggard looking man is reading a letter from the war office to a weeping woman."

woman at my elbow, making no attempt to explain.

Into the corner tea shop clump six men in khaki, some lame, some one-handed, evidently just back from Flanders. A calm, capable little nurse decides where they shall sit and what they may have to eat.

All of them except Eve's daughter act uncomfortably aware of the

friendly faces turned toward them. Tea over they rise to leave. And as they pass between the tables the others present, inspired by the primitive respect for the fighting man, rise and give three rousing cheers.

The big soldiers change their cautious walk to a reckless run, every man blushing furiously.

Only the little nurse is quite composed. "It is not that we English are becoming emotional," we hear her say to the manageress, "but we are learning to be less ashamed of showing our emotions. The war is teaching us to confess ourselves to ourselves."

Four girls taking tea together eat rye bread without butter, smiling as they break the unsavory slices. Their talk is of speed in typing or the charge for carbon copies, of the bullets Janie's brother brought home and of intimate details of camps.

"Three pence (6c) each," says the waitress, eyeing the empty plates. Each girl worker lays down a sixpence. "I'll credit you with two loaves," says the businesslike waitress, "we are sending the poor fellows French bread packed in oiled paper and cartoons. It reaches the prison camp in 10 days still fresh and sweet."

Silent and satisfied the girls return to their work.

In the almost empty bus a haggard looking man is reading a letter to a weeping woman. The war office envelope lies between them on the floor.

"Dear dad," some lad had written, "this is my first chance to let you know all's serene. Ours is a slow life. Nothing doing. Never call this the danger zone again. Not one of our bunch has seen even a dead German. In my opinion there is more danger to a square inch of Piccadilly Circus than in all these trenches. Tell mother"—but "mother" is beyond listening. The man's anguished glance meets mine. "Ted was killed on Thursday," he whispers, "shot through the head and throat and